

A SPANISH CATHOLIC'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

by

Francisco Melgar

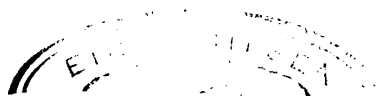
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A SPANISH CATHOLIC'S VISIT TO ENGLAND



IMPRESSIONS

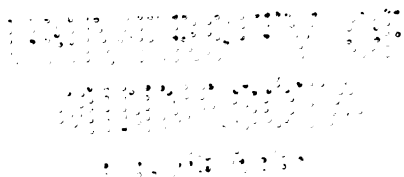
BY

FRANCISCO MELGAR

Translated from the Spanish, with Introduction and Notes

BY

THOMAS OKEY



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INTRODUCTION

THE writer of the ensuing pages—Don Francisco Martin Melgar, Conde de Melgar—is a Spanish scholar and a gentleman of noble lineage; a fervent Catholic and a devoted Legitimist, who, with imperturbable fidelity, has followed the fortunes of the Carlist cause;* has fought and suffered for it, and won the respect of all Spaniards, whatever their political sympathies are or may have been. The vicissitudes of his prince have made him known in England, in Italy, in France, and in Austria. His translator well remembers, when residing at Venice, the keen intellectual figure of Count Melgar as he sat in Don Carlos'

* "M. Melgar, Don Carlos' Chamberlain," writes Count Paul Vasili (*La Société de Madrid*), "is a servant unsurpassed for his activity, his intelligence, his devotion, and his affection." "M. Melgar," says General Kirkpatrick de Closeburn (*Souvenirs de la dernière Guerre Carliste*), "contributed largely to the great reputation held by the Carlist organ, *El Cuartel Real*, by his articles replete with political good sense."

INTRODUCTION

gondola during the afternoon *gita* from the Palazzo Loredan along the Grand Canal, and had the honour of welcoming him on his arrival last autumn in London. The secretary and confidential adviser of Don Carlos, the tutor of his son Don Jaime, Prince of Bourbon, Count Melgar was at the Castle of Frosdorff, in Austria, when the great War broke out, and his experiences there, and subsequently in Paris, led him to serve the Allies' cause by speech and pen. His pamphlet, *En Desagravio*,* both in the Spanish original and in its French form, *Amende Honorable*, has had an unprecedented success, having been published in hundreds of thousands, and has had no small effect in educating Catholic opinion on the real issues of the war. An admirable and eloquent exposition of the Allies' cause, it is none the less remarkable in that its author finds himself athwart the whole current of Carlist opinion and in steadfast opposition to its leader, Don Juan

* An English translation, entitled *Germany and Spain*, by Thomas Okey, is published by Fisher Unwin, London, 1916.

INTRODUCTION

Vazquez de Mella, to whom *En Desagravio* is dedicated.

Among the many distinguished Englishmen who have honoured Count Melgar with their friendship may be mentioned Lord Dufferin, in India ; Lord Cromer, in Egypt ; Robert Browning and Sir A. Trevelyan, in Venice ; Lord Ashburnham and the Duke of Norfolk.

The little work here translated is the description of a visit to Great Britain during the autumn of 1916, and a faithful record of the impressions that visit made upon its author.

THOMAS OKEY.

A SPANISH CATHOLIC'S VISIT TO ENGLAND

1. ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND—PHYSICAL IMPRESSIONS.

THE vessel that was to carry us from France to England weighed anchor at the first stroke of midnight. We had been previously warned that the crossing would last seven hours at least, if all things were favourable and if we struck no treacherous mine on our way, or were attacked by no piratical submarine.

As a precaution, therefore, all lights on board were extinguished as soon as the electric bell gave the signal to depart, and we ploughed our way through the blackest darkness; for scarcely had we passed the harbour's mouth when the engines were put at full speed ahead and we steamed with a vertiginous rapidity which slackened not a moment during the whole crossing.

The passengers were in their deepest sleep, and the darkness was blacker than ever, when the vessel stopped suddenly, like a horse violently pulled up by its rider in the midst of its career.

The transition from rapid motion to immobility, and from the strident noise of the engines to the most complete silence, roused all of us from our sleep; the doors of the cabins were thrown open, and the passengers were seen striking matches to look at their watches. Soon, every one was clambering precipitously up the companion ladder to get on deck. It was five o'clock in the morning, and not yet light; the first impression of all of us was that an accident had happened or, at least, that some danger was threatening.

But all anxiety vanished when we reached the upper deck, and confidence was restored at the magical spectacle that met our eyes.

We were in sight of land; it seemed as if we might almost touch it with the hand. In front of our vessel a stately hospital ship rose before us, whose character was proved by an immense transparency adorned with the Red Cross and surrounded by a triple garland of green, white, and red electric lights, so that enemy aeroplanes might distinguish it from afar and respect it—or pour shot upon it from a machine-gun at a safe distance, according to the custom of the Boches.

To right and left of the floating hospital stretched an interminable line of ships—some, men-of-war; others, merchantmen—as far as the eye could reach,

many of them exchanging signals by means of moving lights on the top of the masts or along the yards.

Over the surface of the sea a multitude of many-coloured lights ran, like so many *ignes fatui*, which plunged alternately into the waves and rose to the surface again—a new system of microscopic electric lighthouses which, as it seems, prevents many accidents.

We were outside the harbour ; but since it is not permitted to enter without a pilot and the pilot is not allowed to put out to sea before sunrise, it was necessary to wait two hours longer—the two hours which our skilful captain had gained on the time allowed for crossing for greater security from submarine attacks.

At length the orb of day shone forth, and a ship's officer gave orders that all military men, or holders of diplomatic passports, should group themselves at the bow and all the remainder of the passengers should assemble at the stern. The latter were detained on board until the former had disembarked.

Then the examination of papers began with scrupulous care, but without the least, or the most remote, of the vexations and the grotesque proceedings which pro-German newspaper correspondents, especially Spaniards, are so prone to invent.

We all had to file off before half a dozen officials ; each one, on the presentation of the traveller's passport, consulted a box of documents which he had on the table, and, having ascertained that the name was not included among suspects, returned the paper without further formalities and without opening his lips. No one was stripped (we were some hundreds), nor were our pockets searched. Not the least annoyance was caused to anyone.

These formalities being ended, a cursory baggage examination took place—this, too, quite courteously—and we were allowed to leave the quay free to go whither we pleased. We found ourselves at a port in the south-west, looking towards America, and therefore well sheltered from any attack from the very prudent German Fleet. There was no fear of any hostile excursion, except air raids ; nevertheless, what a display of military precautions ! What a plethora of men-of-war ! What forts elaborately supplied with artillery ! What a display of guns everywhere ! And, at the same time, what an intense commercial activity ! What an exuberance of life ! What an atmosphere of security, of virility, of power !

Numberless gangs of workmen were busily engaged on every hand, yet scarcely sufficient for the loading and unloading of the ships. The goods that arrived and departed filled whole quays, and no one would

have suspected we had disembarked among a blockaded (?) population and were incurring the risks of war.

How different from the terrible solitude of every German port, all—absolutely all—converted into cemeteries; ports where not even a miserable little tug dare enter or leave!

Such is the physical impression which a simple view of England produces on reaching her shores. The impression of a nation, not only mistress of herself, but the mistress of others—prosperous, rich, mighty, overflowing with life and full of resource in peace as in war—a nation which can never be laid low by its enemies.

2. ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND—MORAL IMPRESSIONS.

THE writer of these lines is a Catholic and a Spaniard. It is clear, therefore, that, when dealing with the moral impression his arrival in England made upon him, two aspects of the subject cannot be excluded. He must judge things from a double point of view—the religious and the patriotic.

It would be puerile to pretend to ignore the fact that, so far as these two aspects are concerned, Spanish opinion is almost unanimous in its traditional hostility to England.

The chief argument the Catholics and traditionalists of my country employ against the Allies is that Great Britain is one of them—Great Britain, the persecutor of Catholics and the gaoler of Gibraltar—a thorn that pierces every Spaniard's breast.

The leader of our Germanophiles—Señor Vazquez de Mella—is always repeating with all manner of variations: "We have no serious quarrel with France; far from it, for an irresistible sympathy draws us towards her. But we must oppose her because she makes common cause with England. The day that an Anglo-German alliance were con-

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cluded, and France were ranged against it, we should all be steadfast Francophils and decided Germanophobes."

If justice and truth demand that we should recognise this undeniable truth, the same sentiments compel us to admit that for a long time the first of these said persecutions—the religious persecution—has been notably attenuated. The brief reign of Edward VII. was a paternal reign for Catholics, as were also the latter years of his mother Queen Victoria's occupancy of the throne. During this period many of us Spaniards travelled in England and through her vast colonial empire, and we have witnessed, with as much pleasure as surprise, the consideration, the respect, the profound and sincere sympathy shown to her Catholic subjects throughout those immense dominions. We have proved, *de visu*, that absolute liberty is given to our worship; that our priests enjoy protection. We have learned with what generous subventions our missionaries have been favoured, who, indeed, in nearly all British colonies, as well as in the metropolis, are treated on the same footing of equality, not to speak of predilection, as Anglican missionaries are.

We have seen in Protestant England Religious Orders such as the Premonstratensians, now extinct in Spain, to whose civilisation and greatness they have contributed so much since the Middle Ages.

The venerable Order of Benedictines, which is so bound up with our history and literature during those centuries, flourishes to-day in England incomparably more than it does in Spain. The Order exercises a profound influence in the country by means of its colleges, and to the Catholic Church it has given the eminent historian Cardinal Gasquet and many illustrious bishops. When I speak of the Benedictines I refer only to the English Congregation, since there are several monasteries belonging to other foreign Congregations, such as those of the Isle of Wight, of Farnborough, of Solesmes, etc. I had the pleasure of speaking one Sunday with the Abbot of the second-named, the learned Dom Cabrol, after he had preached a sermon in French in the church belonging to that nation, which is under the care of the Marist Fathers, and which is always much frequented by his compatriots, beginning with his Excellency the French Ambassador, Monsieur Cambon, and his devout and distinguished lady.

Whereas in Spain the great Carthusian monasteries of olden times are, with the exception of that of Miraflores, deserted or in ruins, and there is none to take pity on them, and the poetical names of *Porta cæli*, *Scala Dei*, *Valparaiso*, *Valdecristo* are scarcely heard, in England a monumental Carthusian monastery is being built on a new design which is to comprehend the largest cloister in the world. To

this monastery the Order has entrusted the care of the richest library it possesses, since it considers England as the safest place in which to deposit such treasures, and protect them from the rapacity of the Governments of other countries and from the vandals of the *Red Week* at Barcelona.

Therefore, believing the evidence of our senses and giving thanks to God, we have been compelled to admit that Anglican persecution must be relegated to the domain of ancient history ; that hostility to Catholicism has died out in the English mind ; and that the condition of our Church is a thousand times more enviable in the British Empire than in the German Empire, and its future more promising.

The argument from religion, then, falls to the ground. But the historic and patriotic argument still remains intact. Let us see what impressions I have brought away from my recent visit on this score.

No sooner did I set foot in England than I found awaiting me on the quay an honourable Member of the House of Commons, and a Catholic, Mr. Hugh Law, who, constituting himself my companion, never left me a moment until I returned to the Continent, and whose delicacy and solicitude will ever remain a grateful memory to me.

Under the guidance of that competent mentor

I began my visits to the authorities of all degrees ; to the most important public men and public offices ; to military and scientific centres. And the most profound impression I brought away from this first contact with English official life was an utter amazement at the remarkable number of Catholics I encountered holding the highest positions in the administration of the State.

When I was introduced to the War Office in London, the General and the two Staff officers who received me were members of my own communion. At the Savoy Hotel banquet, with which I was honoured by Sir Maurice de Bunsen, who for so many years was English Ambassador at Madrid, three-fourths of the guests—all eminent men in the Army or in the political world—were Catholics, too. At other public offices, and especially at the Foreign Office, the proportion was even greater.

At the imposing industrial works which have sprung into existence under the impulse of the war ; at the gigantic foundries of arms and shells ; at the colossal manufactories of explosives ; in the Fleet ; everywhere, I found Catholics filling the highest posts—Catholics most respected and most popular.

! This impression became much more vivid when I passed through our convents and schools. Everywhere I went I saw traces of the munificence of the

State which, with open-handed generosity, lavishes gifts and privileges on our religious establishments, freeing them from pecuniary cares and favouring their propaganda with truly extraordinary splendour.

The logical consequence of this leaps to the eye : there is a visible and consolatory Catholic revival in the English people, and all hostility to Catholicism has long disappeared from political parties. There is, then, no reason whatever—or, rather, it would be committing the most flagrant injustice—to number England among persecuting nations.

Now let us turn our attention to the other argument, that based on the historical wrongs England has done to Spain—an argument that I have myself exploited, times not a few, being moved thereto by my patriotic feelings. In this matter, also, I have seen a noteworthy change in English opinion. A highly placed—a very highly placed—State official said to me during a long conversation I had with him : “You are constantly harping on Gibraltar. In this matter you have justice and right on your side, and my country’s rôle is a graceless one. But can you tell me if there exists a single nation in the world whose history is free from deeds of injustice ? I will go even further, although it may seem paradoxical, and I will say that the greater the nation the more abounding is the record of its injustices. Yes, England has committed many wrongs, and one

of them is Gibraltar; and you will observe that, nevertheless, we have the magnanimity to recognise it. If you speak with public men of real education and character, eight out of ten will employ the same language" [indeed, I can corroborate this from my conversations with generals, with peers of the realm, with Members of Parliament, with professors of the universities], "and they will admit that we have committed an injustice against you which we are bound to repair. We are disposed to do this, body and soul, and, believe me, few international problems present smaller difficulties than that of the devolution of Gibraltar. But with the same frankness I ask you, on your conscience as a Catholic, is it not you who place the greatest obstacles in the way of an understanding, by the petulance, the insensate, suicidal violence, of your language, heaping upon us the most vulgar of tap-room insults? How can you expect a nation such as ours to give you up a thing, even though the penalty be a merited one, if you demand it from us with your clenched fist? Come to us with open hands and we, on our side, will meet you, too, with open hands and, with as much, or even more, satisfaction, wipe away this stain. Don't forget that for us this war is a question of life or death; it is the veritable 'to be or not to be' of Hamlet. And even if justice were not at stake we are interested, merely from a selfish point of view, in gaining the greatest possible number of friends, and not the least among them, Spain. But if Spain

will not listen to our proffers of friendship, if she ranges herself furiously on the side of our aggressor, whose fault is it if an understanding is impossible?"

The above words were repeated to me with slight variation, but without any fundamental difference, by a multitude of eminent persons, all of whom were willing, frankly and sincerely, to face this thorny problem of Gibraltar in the same spirit.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Let us follow the advice of my celebrated interlocutor, who is a Catholic and a great friend and admirer of Spain, and who speaks our language with the greatest purity. And since up to the present the policy of the clenched fist has availed nothing, let us try the open hand.

3. ANGLO-SPANISH ANTAGONISM.

IT would be puerile and opposed to the truth to deny that profound and traditional antagonism exists between England and Spain. If I have met in England a multitude of admirers and sincere friends of our country, enamoured of its beauty and enthusiastic students of its history and literature, how rare are Spaniards to be found who pay back in the same coin! The few that I have encountered in the course of my life may be told on the fingers; although I am bound to say that the quality makes up for the quantity, since this is a type of Spaniard only met with among persons of high culture.

I, myself, without going further, bear on my conscience many an article written against "perfidious Albion" and the injuries she has inflicted upon us during the centuries; and especially apropos of the thorn of Gibraltar which every son of the Cid bears fixed in his breast. Having admitted and confessed this fact, as common fairness demands, justice equally compels me to say that if one probes this sentiment to the bottom—a sentiment to which the name of a national sentiment cannot be denied—it is soon discovered that this animosity, inherited rather than spontaneous, has for its object the rulers of England and English policy, rather than the English people, nation, or race, which, indeed, for its

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virility, is, on the contrary, regarded with sympathy by many of our Anglophobes.

A short time ago, the most pro-German Spaniard I know in Paris stopped me in the street, when a group of stalwart and cheerful Tommies were passing, saying: "Just look! What magnificent men! Compare them with the French. Pity they have such rulers!" This remark enables me to define the exact nature of Spain's resentment against England, a resentment that arises neither from native repugnance nor from racial antipathy, but from the friction of questions of interests which can, and ought to be, smoothed away until they gradually disappear, to the benefit of both nations.

One of the rare pro-English Spaniards whom I am acquainted with, a person endowed with the clearest of perceptions, writing to me a short while ago, deplored this tension of feeling, and said: "To be just, one ought not to judge a people by its conduct towards others, but by its own qualities, by its internal development, by the place it has won in history; and the fact that England has ill-treated us because, unhappily, it served her national interests, gives us the right to love her not; but we have no right to slander her or to refuse to recognise what she stands for and signifies among the nations of the world."

To this observation of a general character I may

be permitted to add another of a particular character. Since Great Britain issued from her "splendid isolation" and entered the entanglement of foreign alliances she has been shedding the egoistic tendencies of her policy ; she is taking note of the fact that no friend is too powerful, no enemy too insignificant ; she is giving proof of being animated by more generous, more altruistic sentiments.

During my last stay in England I heard many—very many—eminent Englishmen express themselves with regard to the painful problem of Gibraltar *in terms that the most patriotic Spaniard might have employed*, and I returned with the profound conviction that the problem, so far from being insoluble, is very easy. It only needs a little goodwill and a sincere desire for concord and justice on both sides—sentiments that the immense majority of intelligent Englishmen are to-day more accessible to than ever before.

Moreover, this war, which is destined to alter the face of the world, began by changing the face of each one of the chief belligerent nations, and by producing a profound and beneficent renovation in them. Who during the last third of the nineteenth century has written more passionately than I against France, the France I had before my eyes—Jacobin, sectarian, persecuting France, deaf to every noble sentiment ? On the other hand, who hailed

with more fervent enthusiasm the amazing resurrection, the miraculous transformation, that converted the France of M. Caillaux into the France of St. Louis and of Jeanne d'Arc?

An identical phenomenon has been produced in England. She, by the renunciation of all materialistic aims, by converting herself into a champion of the ideal, has risked even her very existence rather than suffer herself to look on unmoved at the martyrdom of little Belgium. Flinging herself into the fray, she responded to the German atrocities with the most chivalrous, the most humane, the most magnanimous of actions. The "fierce leopard" of history put forth her claws only on the battle-field in front of the enemy. England has shed no drop—not a single drop—of innocent blood, while Germany has poured it forth in torrents, sowing desolation and anguish in every neutral nation.

Compare the English blockade with the German blockade, and you shall see what a bottomless abyss separates a nation of *gentlemen* from a nation of bandits. Little by little the public conscience of Spain is becoming aware of this difference, and many are the eyes that are beginning to be opened. It is the duty of all of us to labour, to the utmost of our power, to educate and to hasten this tendency towards a reaction in Spanish opinion in favour of England.

4. SOUTHAMPTON.

IT was in the dawn of a delicious autumn morning when I set foot in England, and found awaiting me on the quay at Southampton Mr. Hugh Law, a Catholic Member of Parliament, and a Spanish religious, most dear to me, whose exaggerated modesty forbids me to name him.

"I have put off saying Mass till you came," said the latter, "and if the crossing has not fatigued you, and you are disposed to hear Mass, we can go straight to the chapel. If you prefer first to rest awhile at the hotel, I will call for you at your own time."

I chose the first proposal, and we went our way to the chapel, which formed part of a spacious and magnificent convent belonging to an Order of nuns called "The Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts." * At the end of the Mass, the Mother Superior invited us to visit the establishment, and, since it was of vast extent and filled with many interesting things, we passed the greater part of the morning there until about noon.

Everything I saw there filled me with astonishment. The Order of "The Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts" is a teaching body, one of the congregations forbidden in, and expelled from, France,

* La Sainte Union des Sacrés Cœurs.

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which England not only tolerates, but protects and even utilises for the public benefit. The convent, in fact, is nothing more nor less than a normal school for the training of women teachers, and, although purely and exclusively Catholic, is supported by State funds.

The support which the State gives is twofold. In the first place, the State pays a certain sum for each student who enters the college, amounting to about the cost of her maintenance and training, so that all the nuns have to do is to expend it. Secondly, when the students have completed their training and have received their certificates, which prove that they are qualified to teach, they immediately enter the official teaching profession, and are entitled to the same pay and have the same status as mistresses trained in the State training colleges.

According as there are vacancies, or as those interested desire, they obtain posts as mistresses either in the State schools or in Catholic schools, and are at once considered members of the public administration with all the rights and privileges enjoyed by Civil servants.

"After God," said the Superior, "we owe boundless gratitude to the toleration—or, rather, the benevolence—with which we are treated by the Government. Without a shadow of vanity, I can

assure you that our students nearly always obtain the preference over those trained in the State colleges and that the best schools usually fall to their lot. It is true that the brilliant reports, which, as a general rule, our students receive from the examiners at the final examinations earn these honours for them, and place them in so high and so enviable a position in the teaching profession.

“It is needless to add that, in the choice of our professors, the methods of teaching, schemes of study, and in all ways, the nuns enjoy absolute liberty. Neither the State nor its agents permit themselves ever to interfere in the internal management of the establishment.”

The first impression my brief stay in Southampton made upon me obviously could not have been more delightful, and I left with the conviction that, so far as concerns the supremely important matter of education, in no other country could Catholics find themselves in a more privileged situation than in Protestant England. Indeed, their brethren in all other nations have much cause to envy them, and not only those who live beneath the yoke of intolerant, Lutheran Germany, and Jacobin hatred in France, but even those who dwell in Catholic Spain and Apostolic Austria. Therefore, so far from considering my visit to the Training College of the Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts a secondary detail, as it

might seem to superficial minds, I attach so great an importance to it that I limit my observations on Southampton to that subject, and deem it otiose to speak of the intense life of that port, of its commercial activity, and of a thousand details of that sort which may be read of in any guide-book.

Southampton being already known to me, since a quarter of a century ago I sailed from that port for America, I will only say that I noted that in this relatively short lapse of time it had grown much, and that to-day the traffic, the number of ships that arrive and depart, the abundance of merchandise, and the staff of workmen, have increased amazingly in these last twenty-five years.

If the increase is only accidental and temporary, and due to the war, so much the better ; for this fact would suffice to prove the magnitude of the naval power of Great Britain and her absolute dominion over the seas, forming a striking contrast to the miserable and anæmic condition of the German marine, whose merchant ships are all, without a single exception, timidly bottled up in German harbours and in all the harbours of the neutral nations of the globe ; while English ships proudly display their colours on every sea. When, having contemplated this memorable spectacle, one reads the Kaiser's grotesque fanfaronades over the so-called great victory of Jutland, how can one's lips repress a smile of pity ?

5. WINCHESTER.

THE distance between Southampton and London being relatively great, and Winchester being on the way, my amiable guides proposed that I should make the journey in two stages, and spend the night in that historic city in order to visit it on the ensuing day.

The reader may imagine with what delight I accepted the proposal, since to no Spaniard can Winchester be a place without interest, if only for the fact that the marriage of our Philip II with Queen Mary of England was celebrated in its monumental cathedral—an event which, so the great monarch believed, was to change the face of the world and consolidate the Catholic faith in England; but which, in the mysterious designs of Providence, failed to produce the desired fruits owing to the premature death of Queen Mary.

Nothing could be more agreeable than my journey, since all the country which stretches from the sea to the Thames Valley is truly delicious—a paradise which challenges comparison with the most famous *vegas* of our Spain. There, perchance more than in any other county in the island, those incomparable English meadows and lawns, unknown on the Continent, are unrolled before us as far as the eye can reach. So smooth, so close in texture, are they

that even the most perfect of billiard tables would seem coarse and full of protuberances in comparison.

"Here you may see," said Mr. Law, as he indicated one of those lawns to me, "a thing that is the despair of the Yankees, since in their country it is impossible to produce the like. A North American multimillionaire crossed the Atlantic a short time ago solely in order to discover the secret of the perfection of English lawns. Calling together the most famous English gardeners, he offered a lavish reward to anyone who should teach him the methods they employed and the implements necessary to secure those incredibly smooth surfaces. 'I will tell you the secret for nothing,' answered an old horticulturist, 'since it will be of no use to you, and you will be quite unable to profit by what I say.' 'We will see about that,' retorted the American Cræsus, 'out with your secret!' The gardener then showed him the mowing machine, the rollers, and other implements with which they mow and roll the grass in our country, and added: 'Here are our tools. You have only to handle them and use them, unwearyingly, for many—very many—years. At the end of three centuries of this treatment you will obtain lawns like ours. Not otherwise.' "

Our first visit in Winchester was to a famous Catholic foundation, the Hospital of St. Cross, which Bishop Henry of Blois built in 1136 to lodge and

maintain thirteen poor old men. His successor left a fund to be employed in feeding daily one hundred more. Another of those who wore the mitre, Cardinal Beaufort, in 1446 enlarged and almost rebuilt the hospital, and by a liberal endowment extended its usefulness as a refuge for poor gentlefolk.

The Reformation miraculously respected these foundations, which continue to this day, supported by others left by succeeding Bishops of Winchester. The revenues have even increased, since the income of the hospital, which was only £300 in 1370, amounted to £4,000 at the end of the last century, and in the year preceding the war they reached a total of £8,652.

The hospital church, though small, is a veritable marvel of architecture, especially the sacristy, which dates from 1130, and which is in a perfect state of preservation. In the church a priceless jewel is shown, a triptych by Mabuse, dated 1492, representing the Virgin and the Infant Jesus surrounded by Saints.

One of the peculiarities of Winchester is that in the religious houses, such as St. Cross, and the College to be referred to later, a large number of sacred images are preserved intact. This is the more extraordinary, since Cromwell's iconoclasts fought fierce battles in this neighbourhood.

From St. Cross we repaired to the Cathedral—pure

Gothic, perfectly preserved and intelligently restored. In the choir the two chairs are still shown on which the august sovereigns sat during the ceremony of the nuptial benediction, and on one of them is placed a most expressive portrait of Queen Mary painted by Antonio Moro. And this is all that recalls to memory that grandiose ceremony in the magnificent temple.

From the Cathedral we passed on to visit the College, the honours of which were done, with exquisite courtesy, by one of its most distinguished masters, Mr. Wilson, who, among other curiosities, showed us the interminable lists of students who had been killed during the present war—and the upper classes, so far as England is concerned, have borne the hardest part—among them Mr. Asquith's eldest son, the Prefect of the Chapel of the College, and one of the most brilliant and most promising of its students, as he also was at Oxford, whither he went from this College.

6. OXFORD.

ONE of the most characteristic traits of the English temperament, and one which gives the key to the secret of its greatness, lies in the skill with which it has succeeded in preserving the respect for, and even worshipping, tradition, while at the same time adapting itself to all the demands of progress. This dominant note of the English people strikes the observer nowhere so sharply as at Oxford. If a student of five centuries ago were to come to life again at Oxford he would find nothing changed. He would find the same cloisters, gardens equal in extent, his dormitory intact—all those objects, once so familiar to him, he would find in their places and retaining their wonted aspect. And he would be able to occupy a seat in the refectory or on a bench in the choir of the chapel, just as he left it on the eve of his death. At the same time, he would find all the conveniences, all the inventions, all the *comfort* to his hand—to use a word which England has imposed on every language in modern use. There, one lives in the twentieth century and lives again in the fourteenth.

Oxford is a great city, and in an even greater monumental setting—an Alcala de Henares—a university city, since it lives by its university, and to it owes its glory and its fame. It must not, however, be concluded from this that a university exists there.

What goes by this name is a collectivity, a group of twenty-four colleges, each with its own name and its own autonomy, each animated by a keen spirit of emulation. Not one of the students who study there would call himself a student of Oxford. All call themselves, with a lively *esprit de corps*, either students of Worcester, or University College, or Magdalen, or New College, or Balliol.

This last-named college was the first I visited, and there I was received by one of the Catholic Fellows, Mr. Urquhart. Mr. Urquhart is a member of an Anglo-Spanish Society, just formed, with the object of furthering an interchange of university life between England and Spain, and strengthening, as much as possible, the intellectual ties which bind both nations together. In New College there is another Fellow, also a Catholic, of illustrious Spanish descent, Don Francisco de Zulueta, Professor of Roman Law ; but I had not the pleasure of meeting him, since, having become a British subject, he was away serving with the British Army in the trenches.

New College, erected in the fourteenth century under the patronage of the Virgin, whose statue stands over the gate which gives access to the larger of the gardens, has, like Balliol, the aspect of a monastery rather than that of a university. Those dormitories, those monumental dining-halls, those artistic and venerable chapels, that continual chiming

of bells, those cloisters that invite to meditation, those enclosed gardens which suggest the calm of a cloistered life, impress a strong monastic character on the colleges, and a special atmosphere of mysticism breathes around them.

The enchantment vanishes and the illusion melts away, to-day even more than ever, when one beholds the dwellers who pace those precincts and who in the immense majority consist of soldiers. There is a college that each term normally receives from 1,200 to 1,300 students, and where this year the undergraduates do not reach 200. The remainder are handling the rifle at the battle front, and those vast buildings, so easily transformed into billets, have been provisionally destined to lodge soldiers—in some recruits, in others the wounded. The vast parks which, in great part, surround these edifices make excellent training grounds.

After Balliol, I visited Magdalen College; the incomparable and rich Bodleian Library, the pride of Oxford; and the Jesuit College, a college recognised by the authorities of the university, as well as the Capuchin and Benedictine Colleges, which enjoy the same privileges as the other historical scholastic establishments.

To breathe the fresh air awhile after my visit to the chief colleges, my amiable guides made me take

a turn by the picturesque plain of Oxford, where, in the village of Iffley, I was surprised to behold a delicious country church of pure Romanesque architecture, surrounded, as in every English village, by a melancholy cemetery. I say I was surprised ; but it was not at having discovered so ancient a work of art and one so well preserved in a remote corner of the country, as at having seen a marvellous and unexpected thing—prayers for the blessed souls in Purgatory affixed to the walls of the building, just as one might see in a far-away church in the depths of Castille.

This cult of souls—an affirmation of the doctrine of Purgatory, a doctrine always so alien to the Anglican Church—is a symptom consolatory in the extreme, and the more significant in that I saw this innovation is becoming general in the interior of the country, even in London itself.

On my return to Oxford, I had the honour of being accompanied to supper by two eminent religious, Father Cuthbert, a Capuchin, rector of the college of his Order, on whom the University of Oxford has just conferred the degree of Master of Arts, *honoris causa*, for his researches on the Seraphic Order—another eloquent symptom ; and Father Martindale, a Jesuit, one of the most distinguished writers in England, author of an admirable “Life of Monsignor Benson,” who was a son of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, and a convert to Roman Catholicism.

7. ETON AND THE THAMES VALLEY. ARRIVAL IN LONDON. THE CITY BY NIGHT.

FOLLOWING the rich and fertile basin of the Thames, we pursued our way from Oxford to London with no other break than the obligatory visit to Eton, already familiar to me many years ago.

Eton, as all the world knows, is the most aristocratic of all English public schools, where the sons of the most distinguished families receive their education. The scholars' dress—a small black jacket very short and very close-fitting, a waistcoat of the same colour, and grey trousers—has been adopted as the school costume of all English boys until they reach puberty, and from England the fashion has passed to the Continent.

Eton is composed of an agglomeration of many buildings which rise in the midst of an immense park under the shadow of the massive mediæval towers of Windsor Castle, one of the favourite residences of British sovereigns, and where Queen Victoria passed the greater part of her long life. The College grounds and those of the Royal residence almost touch and overlap.

We reached Eton shortly before nightfall, when

the scholars were met for evening prayer in the magnificent and admirably preserved Gothic chapel annexed to the College. The service was sung rather than recited, since the prayers are chanted. During the services the chapel is closed to all persons not belonging to the College, so we had to resign ourselves to listening at the door—and not without deep emotion, for what we heard was purely and simply our own traditional plain-song rendered by voices unaccompanied, but most beautiful and well trained, which gave us the illusion that we were beneath the shadow of a Catholic Cathedral. How many traces still remain of that former enviable unity, rent in an evil hour, which God grant may soon be knit together again in a work of reconstruction for the good of all men!

About a couple of miles from Eton, and in the Windsor district, rises Beaumont College, under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus and, for me, filled with unquenchable memories, since I had to visit it a hundred times last century during the five years Prince Jaime de Bourbon was being educated there.

I had a keen desire to pay a flying visit to that place of so many pleasant memories, but time pressed, and the necessity of reaching London before night forbade, and so my desire remained unsatisfied. We resumed our way at express speed to London.

Many miles before we reached the immense metropolis—the capital of capitals, as the English call it in contradistinction to Paris—its proximity was heralded by splendours of light, electric search-lights which shot athwart the sky, streams of light flung across the heavens, forming a luminous vault which contrasted with the darkness that reigned in the streets, all enveloped in profound shadow. Here, thanks to the streaks of whitewash which mark out the line of the kerb that divides the footpath from the roadway, wheeled and pedestrian traffic can move about with relative security.

When a telegram announces that a Zeppelin or an enemy aeroplane has crossed the coast, these search-lights are instantaneously extinguished in order not to serve as beacons to guide the approaching machine ; they only flash forth again when the rumble of the motor is heard or when the first bombs fall.

This sudden extinguishing of the lights serves also to warn the public of the imminence of the danger without necessitating the use of special alarm signals such as are in use in Paris. No one in London is previously warned, except the big hotels, the theatres, and other centres where masses of people are assembled.

The marvellous and, to me, quite inexplicable thing is, how the traffic can go on in the streets as usual, and does not appear to be in the least degree

affected by the complete obscurity. When one steps out into the Strand, where my hotel is situated—the busiest and most brilliant thoroughfare in London—one sees nothing, absolutely nothing ; but one hears on every side an immense noise proving that the movement in the street proceeds as in full day. To right and left, in front and behind, thousands of motors pass and re-pass at full speed, rubbing against the lumbering archaic omnibuses—one does not see them, but one divines and hears them. Cabs or carriages are very few.

The contrast is doubly impressive to one arriving from Paris, where public lighting, although considerably reduced, has not been entirely suppressed, and where it may be said there is no corner wholly in darkness. Nevertheless, in Paris, the tram-cars cease to run after the first hour of the night ; omnibuses there are none by day or by night ; and hours and hours pass without one seeing even a solitary taxi prowling about, and if a benighted car is seen it is fought for with the fists.

This contrast, perchance, depends in a large measure on the greater difficulty there is in finding labour by the banks of the Seine than by those of the Thames ; but so far as I apprehend, the chief reason lies in the contempt of danger and the love of confronting difficulties which characterise the English temperament.

8. THE BANQUET GIVEN BY SIR MAURICE DE BUNSEN.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE day following my arrival in London, when I had hardly recovered from the fatigue of my journey, I was pleasantly surprised at receiving a letter, written in truly academic Spanish, from Sir Maurice de Bunsen, in which he said that, a number of his English friends having expressed a wish to know me, he thought the best plan would be for us to meet at dinner ; and he begged me to accept a seat at his side.

No one in Spain is ignorant of the personality of Sir Maurice de Bunsen, one who, among modern diplomats, confers the greatest honour on Great Britain. A residence of fourteen years in Madrid, first as Secretary to the Embassy, then as Ambassador, led him to know our country intimately and cordially to love it. This he has proved by being one of the friends of Spain who most contributed to the recent creation of a Chair of Cervantes in the University of London, and by his strenuous efforts in all directions to develop and foster good relations between both peoples.

When the war broke out he occupied the difficult post of British Ambassador at the Court of Vienna. To-day he fills a high office in the State owing to

his universally recognised and respected authority in all matters concerning international politics.

It may be imagined with what gratitude I accepted the invitation to the banquet, which took place at the Savoy Hotel. All those who were present—thanks to the most delicate prevision of the Amphitryon—without, I believe, a single exception, spoke our language, so that nothing but Spanish was heard during the dinner. My memory has not retained the names of all the guests; but if I am only able to make mention of those I remember I pray the others to excuse my involuntary omission.

At my left, occupying the president's chair, sat Sir Maurice de Bunsen, and at my right, representing Cardinal Bourne, who was absent from London, sat Monsignor Bidwell, son of a Colombian lady of illustrious lineage, a Hurtado de Mendoza, who inspired him from his childhood with a true veneration for our Fatherland, and who taught him our language, which he speaks with the greatest purity. Monsignor Bidwell, a young and distinguished prelate with a brilliant future, is one of the most zealous colleagues of Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. He is procurator-fiscal of the archdiocese, and fills also the office of pro-chaplain to His Majesty's Forces on land and sea.

At the other side of the Ambassador sat a famous

Irish officer, General Macdonogh, a fervent Catholic, who commanded a British division at the immortal battle of the Marne, where he was wounded in the shoulder. Wearing many Spanish decorations, he, too, spoke our language fluently, and is an out-and-out admirer of Spain, where he has established many close relations. He told me that since he joined the Army he had always urged that a military mission should be sent to Spain, and had begged the favour of taking part in it. This would have permitted of his becoming intimate with a multitude of Spanish officers and military authorities, among them General Delgado, with whom he had formed an intimate friendship, and by whose side he had witnessed some famous military manœuvres which were executed in the province of Andalusia, and of which he retained an imperishable memory, especially of the quality of our soldiers, for whom he had conceived the greatest admiration. They struck him as unsurpassed and worthy of their traditional renown.

There followed, round the table, Mr. Dormer, a Catholic and private secretary to Lord Grey, and now private secretary to Mr. Balfour, the new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whom he is accompanying on his mission to the United States of America with Mr. Balfour's other secretary, Sir Eric Drummond, who also is a Catholic ; Dr. Gaselee, a Fellow at the University of Cambridge, tutor of

one of the Princes of Battenberg, celebrated for his studies in Coptic literature, and a great friend of Spain; Lord Herbert Hervey, who cherishes the same sentiments towards our country, where he has filled many diplomatic posts; Messrs. Mair and Koppel, of the Foreign Office—the latter speaks Spanish and writes it with rare precision and as a second mother tongue—to whom, during my stay in London, I owed innumerable acts of kindness which I shall never forget; and last, but not least, my amiable cicerone, Mr. Law, who from the moment I set foot in England was my inseparable companion and served as my guide in all my excursions with a solicitude and a lively interest which I can never sufficiently acknowledge.

During the dinner, Sir Maurice de Bunsen, who knows Spanish society, and especially Madrid society, as if he had been born in it, told me a multitude of most interesting anecdotes relating to a large number of eminent politicians, artists, and literary men of the Peninsula, and gave me much recent news of common friends, some of whom I had lost sight of for decades, and with whom he had maintained constant and cordial relations.

Mr. Dormer, a scion of one of those old and noble English families which, in spite of persecution, never renounced their faith, informed me that the memory of his ancestress Jane Dormer (1538–1612), the

beloved friend of Queen Mary Tudor, was still fresh in his family : the Jane Dormer whom the Duke of Feria married when he was Ambassador of Philip II in London, and who is none other than the saintly Duchess of Feria, so famous in Spain. With her praises St. Alfonso de Ligorio opens his golden book, the *Visitas al Santísimo Sacramento*. Mr. Dormer also mentioned that among his kinsmen were the historian Canon Diego José Dormer, Archdeacon of Saragossa ; Diego Dormer, the seventeenth-century printer of that same city ; and Colonel Dormer, of the Essex Dragoons, who fought in the English Legion during the wars of the Spanish Succession and was killed at the battle of Almansa.

A few days later Mr. Law honoured me with another banquet in the House of Commons, where private rooms are provided for members who wish to invite friends to dinner. There I found most of the guests I had met at the Savoy Hotel, and many others, among whom was our compatriot the distinguished author, Don Ramiro de Maeztu, who labours indefatigably with so much skill and success to make Spain better known in England, and to dissipate the misconceptions which divide the two countries. I also met there an Irish Catholic, Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, the erudite Hispanophil and professor of Spanish literature in the University of London.

After the dinner Mr. Law introduced me to the

House, which was then sitting, in order that I might witness the proceedings. It happened to be question time, so that all the members of the Government were in their places, and this enabled me to know, although only by sight, all the members of the Cabinet, which at that time was presided over by Mr. Asquith. There were twenty-two in all, and not one was absent, so that, inasmuch as there was sitting room only for fifteen, they were packed like sardines in a box, and some almost seated on the knees of the others.

During the two hours I was present not a single speech was delivered, for those representatives of the State were men of action, not chatterers. The member formulated his question in half a dozen words, without the least pretence of oratory ; the Minister replied in so many more, each remaining in his seat without ascending any rostrum and without moving from his place. I must confess that these proceedings did much more honour to parliamentary life than those in use in France, where question days are days of scandal.

9. VICKERS' AND GRETNA GREEN.

SO far as my visits to the different manufactories of arms, munitions, and explosives are concerned, I will mention only the two most important establishments—the Vickers' and Gretna Green works.

We started in the early morning, making a halt at Furness Abbey, where we passed the night in order to shorten the journey, under the shadow of the imposing ruins of the historic abbey, which rise on the confines of the romantic Lake District, one of the most picturesque spots in the United Kingdom—or, indeed, in Europe. The abbey is surrounded by immense meadows, where innumerable herds of cattle are pastured, sufficient to feed millions of men for months, and secure from any attacks by piratical submarines. What a contrast between that plethoric abundance and the penury one feels in Germany!

We were received at Vickers' with exquisite courtesy by the manager of the company, Mr. James McKechnie, who has lived for considerable periods in Spain, and who speaks our language perfectly. Having entertained us with a sumptuous breakfast, he would entrust the care of taking us round his cyclopean realm to no subordinate and insisted on himself serving as guide. As we passed before one of the colossal furnaces which those works enclose,

Mr. McKechnie pointed out to us a huge mass of molten metal, and said : "The workmen you now see at this moment are beginning the construction of a piece of artillery of the largest calibre our Navy possesses, and whose manufacture demands such care that we cannot deliver this gun, completely finished, in less than eighteen months."

"Eighteen months !" I exclaimed, amazed. "Does that mean you think the war will last eighteen months longer ?"

"Or eighteen years," answered our guide with a smile. "Anyhow, we are preparing as if the war were never to end. We have ample men, material, and money for that."

Our visit, which occupied the whole afternoon, came to an end, and Mr. McKechnie, on taking leave of us, said : "I would not have you return to the Continent with the impression that you know all about the firm of Vickers ; you have only seen a very small part. In this establishment, which I manage, there work, night and day, without a minute's interruption, a staff of 35,000 workers, of whom 8,000 are women. The number of women is progressively increasing, and in time will surpass that of the men, who will be called up to take service at the front of the battle. But since this firm has ten other establishments of equal importance scat-

tered over the kingdom you will be able to say when you return home that you have seen the tenth part of our dominions."

Or, what amounts to the same thing, one single undertaking among the thousands which are working in England employs 350,000 workers, while in the celebrated Krupp factories only 140,000 are employed.

On the morrow, we pursued our way through the enchanting panorama of the English Lakes to Scotland, and stopped at the marvellous works of Gretna Green, an establishment erected on the very frontiers of Scotland and of England properly so called, and within gunshot—an ancient gun, I mean—of the famous blacksmith's shop, so celebrated in English literature, which figures so largely in the works of the novelists of the country by reason of the faculty there enjoyed of marrying all the couples that presented themselves without further ceremony—unions recognised as binding by English law.

At Gretna Green we were also received most affably by the manager, Mr. Pearson, a noted engineer, and brother of Lord Cowdray, who has just given £10,000 for the creation of a Chair of Spanish literature in the University of Leeds. The manager himself acted as our cicerone. Mr. Pearson's example has been followed by an anonymous benefactor who has left a similar sum of money for the same object to the University of Cambridge.

In order to comprehend the titanic power represented by Gretna Green, suffice it to say that, fourteen months ago, it, and many miles around, was a vast solitude, without a living creature to be seen, although a fertile solitude covered with abundant pasturage for flocks of sheep. One had to walk miles to find even a shepherd's bothy, not to speak of a house or a village. To-day, solid and monumental buildings rise from the ground, as far as the eye can reach, whose frontage measures eight or nine miles, and whose depth is of equal dimensions. The whole is furnished with new machinery, incorporating the most recent improvements in engineering science; and it is not a question here of one establishment, but of miles of structures, isolated one from the other at sufficient intervals, so that if an explosion should take place in one it would be localised and not affect the remainder of the works. This precaution is the more indispensable in that neither arms nor munitions are manufactured here, but only explosives, or, to speak more accurately, I should employ the singular and not the plural, for one explosive only is produced here, and that the most modern and most powerful of all that have been invented up to this date.

10. EDINBURGH. DINNER AT THE MILITARY CLUB. VISIT TO THE FLEET.

MY visit to Gretna Green did not come to an end before nightfall. Time failed us to reach Edinburgh, where we intended to sleep, before the supper hour—an unpleasant circumstance in these times, since there is some difficulty in the great centres of population in getting a meal after nine o'clock at night, and, among other deprivations, when that hour is passed, hotels are forbidden to serve any other beverage than water, not only in the dining-room, but in private rooms; even wine and all kinds of liquors are excluded.

With this prospect in view we gladly acceded to the courteous request of our companions, who invited us to dine at the Military Club, where the officers of the Scottish detachment meet who are charged with the protection of manufactories of explosives.

Just as dinner began the mail-train from London arrived, and every one present hastened to unfold the newspapers from the capital and to read the latest war news. Among other items of information, we learned that that very day Lord Cowdray, brother of our host, Mr. Pearson, had made the splendid gift of £10,000 for the establishment of a Chair of Spanish at the University of Leeds. This

illustrious and wealthy member of the English peerage had followed the example which had been afforded by the University of London, where a Chair of Spanish literature and language had been founded, whose inauguration had given rise to enthusiastic and cordial manifestations of sympathy with our country.

A similar Chair has existed for some years past in the University of Liverpool, and preparations are being made to found another in the University of Sheffield. It is said that the venerable *Almae Matres*, Oxford and Cambridge, are, on their part, disposed to follow this lead by creating Chairs in Spanish in order to place themselves on a level with their younger sisters and facilitate the interchange of intellectual ideals between the two nations, and so to bring about a better mutual understanding and appreciation.

Our supper ended and farewell taken of our hosts, we pursued our journey to Edinburgh in preparation for a visit to one of the great British fleets, the fleet commanded at that date by Admiral Jellicoe.

The visit took place on the following day. We left Edinburgh in the early hours of the morning, and at eight o'clock our motor-car set us down on the quay, where we boarded a torpedo-boat which bore us to the end of the immense and well-sheltered

bay ; the spectacle which met our eyes was indescribable. For the space of two hours, standing on the deck of our swift vessel, we steamed at full speed through that interminable maze of masts and funnels, threading our way through lanes of warships of all classes, from the submarine to the dreadnought. Some of them displayed, as glorious stigmata, the scars of the wounds they had received at the triumphant battle of Jutland, where the terrified German fleet escaped total destruction only by having recourse to the "ingenious stratagem of flight."

What I beheld was not a fleet : it was a world. But a world which one must see in order to form an idea—even an approximate idea—of what the naval power of Great Britain is. Needless to say that every ship—and their number is a fabulous one—was clean, smart, spick-and-span, as if she had just left the dockyard. One sees clearly enough that their crews cherish them as the apple of their eye, and that no crew will suffer another to surpass it in the cleanliness and beauty of its ship. On the decks of some of the vessels we saw the sailors at drill ; on others we saw them being trained in signalling ; on most of them we saw only a solitary sentinel pacing the bridge. Everywhere the most perfect order, a sepulchral silence as if all those floating cities were unpopulated. Admiral Jellicoe was on shore ; but I had the pleasure of meeting him shortly afterwards in our hotel at Edinburgh, where

he was dining with Admiral Beatty, who succeeded him in the command of the Fleet when the former was promoted to the rank of First Lord of the Admiralty.

What most surprised me in these two great Admirals, who are so popular in England, was their extremely youthful appearance and their jovial aspect which one never sees in their photographs ; for every photograph I have seen gives the impression of their being weather-beaten sea-dogs with no friendly faces, whereas, in reality, it is impossible to imagine physiognomies more open and pleasant.

Returned to Edinburgh, we consecrated the remainder of our day to visiting the beautiful and poetic capital of Scotland, most aristocratic of cities, and bearing the marks of the highest distinction—a city filled with grandiose monuments, crowded with historic memories of the greatest interest going back to the remotest past, in the midst of which one finds evidences, at every step, of the most modern appliances of *comfort*. Naturally, it was the imposing Castle which first claimed our attention, rising as it does on the highest ground in the centre of, and dominating, the city. On the vast esplanade which stretches in front of the Castle we saw some companies of Scottish recruits, in their picturesque and traditional costume, being trained.

From the Castle we descended to Holyrood, Mary Stuart's palace, which is kept just as she lived in it,

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even to the furniture itself, and in whose sombre apartments the shade of that queen of sad destinies still seems to wander—a tragic queen who, in spite of her misfortunes, or perhaps because of them, enjoys an incredible popularity throughout all that country.

Before taking our leave of Edinburgh we were invited to a supper by the Rev. Dr. A. Whyte, an eminent professor of theology, a Protestant, a friend of Cardinal Newman, and a much-respected writer among his own people. I owed my introduction to Dr. Whyte to the famous Catholic scholar, Baron Frederick von Hügel, who has just published a remarkable book on the war, entitled *The German Soul in its attitude towards Ethics and Christianity, the State, and War*. Acquainted as I am with the tenets of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, there is no need for me to emphasise the astonishment I felt at being begged to accept—on retiring from the supper table—as a memento of my visit, one of Professor Whyte's works for which he confessed to me he had a peculiar affection, since he had written it *con amore*: for on opening the book I happened on the title "Santa Teresa de Jesus." In fact, it was an enthusiastic apologia of the prophetess of Avila, whom this Protestant theologian terms "the greatest woman the centuries have seen. . . ."

On the morrow I returned to London.

11. SPIRITUAL AMBASSADORS.

"It is the duty of all of us to labour to the utmost of our power to educate and to hasten this tendency towards a reaction in Spanish opinion in favour of England."

THUS I wrote a short time ago, and this, in fact, is a patriotic duty incumbent on all of us ; but more especially does it concern those who are in authority over us. To speak truly, however, so far as we can learn, they, up to the present time, have not given any great proof of having grasped the importance of this duty.

It must be admitted that England, in the diplomatic field, has treated us with greater consideration than we have shown towards her. She has nearly always sent to Madrid the flower of her public men—statesmen like Sir Maurice de Bunsen—who have reached the apogee of their career, and who by their personal merit inspire respect throughout the whole of Europe. Whereas we—I mean those at Madrid—have been content to send to the Spanish Embassy in London mere decorative figures, whose only recommendations have been that they were sons-in-law, cousins, sons, or merely godsons, of some political grandee—mediocrities when not nullities—those to whom one shows a certain respect in the political world because of the uniform they wear,

and in no wise because of the quality of the person who wears it. It is, of course, understood that there have been honourable exceptions ; but, unfortunately, they have been very few, and the general rule has almost always been as I have stated.

Fortunately, however, this insufficiency of our official representatives has been compensated by the patriotic and intelligent efforts of certain men of great worth—Spaniards who have established themselves in England, and who, conscious of the great work which might be done there in favour of Spain, have acted, and still do act, as spiritual ambassadors so to speak, without any mandate or credentials ; without an investiture of any kind and, nevertheless, doing infinitely more good than the others, solely by reason of their personal efforts and by the authority they have been able to acquire.

And since I have the honour to be a journalist, I am moved by personal predilection to mention first of all among this class Don Ramiro de Maeztu,* who, with so much steadfastness and so many years of fruitful labour, has softened asperities and taught England and Spain to know each other better every day and, by knowing each other better, to win

* Author of *Authority, Liberty, and Function in the Light of the War*. *A critique of Authority and Liberty as the foundations of the Modern State and an attempt to base Societies on the principle of Function*. London : Allen, 1916.

mutual esteem. His campaigns in the *New Age* and in a multitude of periodicals, both in the Spanish Peninsula and in our old colonies in America, have been highly meritorious, and ought to earn the gratitude and the applause of all good Spaniards.

I unfeignedly confess, in order to be quite sincere, that before I knew him personally I had no great affection for this celebrated writer. While recognising his talents and his literary merit, I was separated from him by a spiritual abyss, and I deplored his tendencies and his opinions, which were so opposed to mine in religious matters. Now that I have had the pleasure of seeing him more closely, my opinion has been completely modified; and, less than from what I have heard him say (which has been very little) than from what I have read of his later writings, I am persuaded that he finds himself undergoing a moral crisis which is leading him near to my own point of view and that his mind is taking its bearings towards a spiritual solution. Those who know him intimately assure me he is a passionate admirer of Pascal, whose *Pensées* are his favourite reading. It is to be hoped that the influence of this writer may result in consummating his religious evolution and at length attract this brilliant genius to our camp.

Recently he has contracted an alliance in London with a distinguished English lady, and, in spite of

her being an Anglican and a Ritualist, the marriage was celebrated in a Roman Catholic church, their union being blessed by a Spanish Franciscan, Padre José María de Elizondo.

Father José is a most beloved friend of mine, and one of our most eminent spiritual ambassadors. Fixing his residence in London some time ago, where he has employed himself in profound and fruitful historical studies, his erudition, his kindness, his virtues, his truly seraphic spirit, have won for him not only universal sympathy, but the respect of all who know him to be a great authority, in spite of his extreme youth. His apostolate embraces both Protestants and Catholics alike, but his influence may perhaps prove more effectual among the latter, who suffer so much from the open hostility with which their Spanish co-religionists treat them, and whom they yet admire and love so dearly. The example of Father Elizondo is a proof to them that all Spanish Catholics are not devoured by Anglo-phobia, and this is a great solace and a great propaganda.

A wider range of activity even than that of the young and learned Franciscan is displayed by another famous Spaniard resident in London, Don Eduardo Toda, manager of the London branch of the shipping and mineral firm, Sota y Aznar, of Bilbao. A student as well as a man of action, a great traveller through the lands of China, Egypt, America, the

Philippines, a distinguished scholar,* a well-known bibliophile, a manufacturer, a business man, a ship-owner, Señor Toda's activities extend to every branch of human endeavour, and in every one he works with the greatest success for the material and moral interests of Spain.

Señor Toda is the owner of an incomparable library of 30,000 volumes, unique of its kind, composed of Spanish books printed in foreign countries and of foreign books relating to Spain. This he is now installing in the magnificent Romanesque monastery of Escornalbou, formerly belonging to the Canons Regular of St. Augustin, but subsequently a Franciscan monastery, situated in the province of Tarragona, which he has purchased, and is now restoring with the intention of leaving it to Catalonia, his beloved Fatherland.

Meanwhile, he is indefatigably working for his greater Fatherland in London, where he won great esteem as Consul-General of Spain, an office he had already filled in Paris, Italy, and other places. He abandoned his mercantile career when a most brilliant future lay before him, in order to be free to

* Don Eduardo Toda y Güell has published, in addition to his works of travel, *La Bibliografía española de Cerdeña*, a work crowned by the National Library of Madrid in 1890, which has been quoted many times by the illustrious Italian philosopher Benedetto Croce in his *La Spagna nella vita italiana durante la Rinascenza*. Bari, 1917.

labour in a much wider field, and with better success, for the advancement of Spanish interests. During my recent stay in London I was able to convince myself of the universal and high estimation which our illustrious compatriot enjoyed, when I found he was consulted by the British Government, as well as by specialists, in every Anglo-Spanish problem that required solution.

And while in Spain brokers of blue blood, who pose as patriots, have sold our literary and artistic riches to the foreigner, Señor Toda, assisted by his friend and collaborator, Father Elizondo, are quietly dedicating themselves to the task of buying up every Spanish book or every book relating to Spain offered for sale in foreign countries in order to restore them to the mother country. With my own eyes I have seen many *incunabula* and other rare books in their hands which the London dealers were about to sell to the United States during the war in order to get a better market. But the Catalan gentleman and the Navarro-Basque friar arrested them on their way, and acquired them to send them back to Spain.

I must not close this brief list of our spiritual ambassadors without including another whose name ought to have held the first place. I refrained from placing it there because he is not of Spanish nationality, although of Spanish blood. For this

circumstance, for his profound knowledge of our country, where he was born, for the loving tenderness he professes for our Spanish Motherland, and for the ardour with which he desires to serve her, he possesses credentials greater than any who are numbered among the members of this ideal diplomatic corps which my fancy has created.

I refer to Monsignor Amigo, Bishop of London—or, to speak more correctly, Bishop of Southwark. A city of six millions and a half of inhabitants is too big to form a single diocese. Therefore, London has been divided into the northern diocese, ruled over by the Archbishop of Westminster, and the southern diocese, administered by Monsignor Pedro Amigo, which not only embraces the southern districts of the metropolis, but extends as far as the sea. The son of Spanish parents, born in Gibraltar, speaking our language with all the purity of a scion of Old Castille, and with all the refinement and savour of the Andalusian people, the young prelate—for he is still in the full vigour of manhood—would need to swear he was English in order to be believed, since his figure, his eyes, his ardent gaze, his accent, his gestures, his native grace, all proclaim the Andalusian of purest race. And an Andalusian he is, and therefore a Spaniard to the depths of his soul.

Long, interminable conversations, which yet seemed to last but the space of a breath, did I have

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with him during my last visit to London, and from these colloquies I issued forth enraptured and profoundly moved ; for I bore away with me the conviction of how great are the things which Monsignor Amigo may achieve, and a hope that by God's grace he may prove to be the great reconciler of the two peoples for whose mutual understanding and concord he is striving with all the force of his privileged intelligence and with all the fervour of his apostolic zeal.

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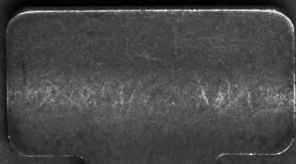
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